Dear Joe,

12/16/90

Glad you got to Florida without being shot this time. And although you may not believe it from this beginning, I am responding to your letter of the 12th. With a windup so long that a man on first could steal home before the ball is thrown.

Although my recollections of the past are fairly good I do not remember what I sent Sam recently, no copies to you because you said you were about to leave for Florida and although I believed you'd have the same residence there, you'd not told me so.

Aside from what I'd done earlier in the past few days I've written more than 55 pages of recollections of the kind or at least including what interests you. Yesterday I began to read and correct what I'd finished that morning. The weather forecast had been for freezing rain or sleet and when the local weather forcast broadcast at 3:30 reported icing conditions on the roads I returned to my desk and worked so concentratedly I did not notice until, when I happened to look outside at 7:30, that there was no ice, it was raining. I then went to "my" mall for a little walking and returned to resume work.

When in correcting what I'd written, adding footnotes, I came to something I'd written about Jim Garrison, I was reminded that despite all I observed and was part of when he was getting so much attention, I'd put little or nothing on paper. So, I suspended the correcting and started writing. I addressed a few of the things that I was involved in that he corrupts beyond recognition in his most recent book. Very dishonest,

As you know, for years it has not been possible for us to go to movies, plays, lectures or concerts and we've become sports fans. Yesterday was a big football day. I worked so concentratedly I didn't think to go out for the mail until after the first game started. And I worked until it did. A second game began when the first ended and at almost my normal bedtime I looked at a few minutes of a third, a college game.

But despite this, with what I added this morning , beginning late yesterday I've written an additional 2,300 words, approximately. When I finish this addition that I'm writing on Garrison, return to the correcting and then correct this, I'll make copies and send them. Having no reason to believe that either of you has any reason to keep these things, I'll send just one copy to both of you, in part to save time, for we have a slow machine and must collate by hand, and in part to save cost, this machine having a high per-copy cost and showing signs of needing replacing.

I think you will then see that although I am not now doing it in the form in which you'd like it done, I am at least getting on paper what is prerequisite to that.

Several times I've explained why I think I can't do a decent enough job on that now and I do think of this from time to time.I've come to realize that there is so very much it simply is not possible to sit down and outline it. I can't now even decide what should be included, what excluded. While my mind no longer can tell me what I've done and what I didn't in an detail, when it is on paper I do not have to remember it. If and when the time comes much will be on paper. Which is only a beginning. Among other things it would have to be sourced. And, of course, written as in haste it isn't written.

Because I want to keep it all together and because I have some problems standing or bending before file cabinets, I keep these things in a box on my desk. The box is about two inches high and it is already filled. I'll have to get another box that is not too large, the dimensions of the paper.

What I was correcting yesterday is alugged, so you'll understand that to a large degree what I'm doing accords with yout thoughts,"The Non-Publishing History of Whitewash." But it wasn't long before I digressed, as when I'm reminded of something I think I should record I do digress. Then I'm again reminded and I again digress, Ad infinitim.

I hope you (pl) and yours have fine holidays seasons. You at least are not getting up to 20 degree days. A friend is coming today with her boys to put some firewood on the porch in the event a storm cuts the current off. So, appreciate Florida! Love to you all,

Harold